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## TAKING UP THINGS STRONGLY.

THINGS must be taken up strongly sometimes—that is, when there is a true occasion. The great difficulty is to know when there is true occasion. Very unluckily, the earnestness required on the one hand for taking up things strongly, and the discretion called for on the other to decide when there is true occasion, do not go much together. The consequence is, that we see in this world a good deal of zeal without a proportionate amount of discretion. Perhaps there is not a bit less of discretion attended by a sad lack of zeal; but this is not what we have at present to deal with. That the zeal without discretion is the cause of no small amount of positive mischief, no one can doubt, though it may also be true that the evil is not unmixed. It would obviously be a great matter to us all, if we were furnished with a few simple principles whereby we could test the things that make powerful appeals to us, and be saved from the consequences of indiscreet zeal. Are any such to be had?

I think there are—if we can resolve beforehand in no case to allow reason to fall asleep. It is but too true that we cannot take two steps into the world without being assailed by a score of outcries about the importance of this and that. 'Here is an institution you must stand up for—there is a great principle you ought to be ready to die for! Buckle on your armour—put your shoulder to the wheel—tackle to the good cause! Be true to yourselves, and the day's your own! Now or never!' And vast quantities of stuff to the like effect, vociferated on platforms and exhibited in blue posters. I say, on the other hand, be steady, keep cool, and consider what it is all about, and what it involves. Perhaps it is a very important principle which is concerned; but if there be more important principles still which call for pause, you had better not go further. You may come to find that the principle concerned is an arbitrary, local, and temporary one; while principles, fundamental, universal, and eternal, stand opposed: in that case, 'twere well you let it fume and sputter unnoticed and unassisted.

There are some principles in the framework of human nature and of human society, about which there can be no mistake. Such are the family affections. Such is the great moral law of doing to others as you would have others to do to you. Such is the grand social rule, that all men have certain rights in perfect equality. Such the maxim, that amity and peace are beneficial to men; while all jealous, angry, and hostile feelings are mischievous. We see these things revealed in constant experience, and may be as confident of their truth as if we heard a divine voice proclaiming

them. We see that the world could not exist without them, and therefore may make perfectly sure that it was designed to live with and by them. Well, here is a piece of ground on which we may take our stand.

When we are called upon, then, by any of those fussy, noisy outcries about important principles, which require our active help and partisanship, let us see if they do not ask us to alienate ourselves from the holy temple of family love and duty. Let us inquire if they do not call for the applying of some rule to our neighbour, which we should not like to have applied to ourselves. Let us take care that they do not tend to a direct invasion of the rights of some section of our fellow-citizens, or of some individual neighbours. Let us look well that they do not directly lead to malice, hatred, and uncharitableness among men, or to positive warfare; for if they do, then we may be quite sure that they are wrong and untrue things—well-meant, perhaps, and, it may be, allied to true and good things, but essentially wrong, and therefore to be avoided.

The truth is, that the noisy outcries in question are frequently mere crotchets of the understanding or unworthy passions, putting on the disguise of something wise and good. It is a sad acknowledgment to make, but it is one which candour demands, that there is often little in the patriot but an unsubmitive temper, and in the sectarian orator but self-conceit, love of notoriety, or a desire to make all mankind do penance for his own remorses. Not plumbing their own hearts—perhaps unable to do so—they do not see their own motives, and thus act under a certain kind of sincerity; but the human infirmity is there not the less, a most fallacious guide, while pretending to infallibility. It is the duty of the bystanders to examine carefully before giving in their adherence, lest they only promote a whim or a frenzy of the hour, instead of an eternal and immutable principle.

One does not need to look far, though he needs to look coolly, in order to see that a large proportion of the troubles of society arise from our excessive anxiety to see, not ourselves, but our neighbours, think and act rightly. 'Here am I, so fortunate by my education, my own excellent sense, or the grace of God, as to be quite right about a number of things; but there, over the way, are scores of unfortunate people altogether wrong, and likely to come to some sad ending. I must save them from themselves.' So I go in upon them, tell them they have not the sense of children, ridicule what they revere, and try, by something little short of absolute force, to bring them to my better way of thinking. Now, you may be right in your views, and they wrong; but what then? Are not you arrogating to yourself exclusively right judgment?

Are not you violating some of the dearest rights of humanity? Are not you making yourself a social pest? To communicate even an angel's message by such means were a serious error.

The divine author of human nature has, doubtless for wise purposes, put a self-respect into it, which refuses to be dragged into anything, good or bad. Know, sapient reformer, to respect this principle in your neighbour, and then you may have some chance. While you do not, the improvement you aim at is impeded, and no good is done, except in so far as your operations are ineffectual or neutralised.

Now, there is not one word here designed to check earnestness regarding things absolutely good. It is not only allowable, but it is a duty, that we seek by all means in our power to quicken the hearts and minds of our fellow-creatures towards the great ties of relation which bind them to their God and each other. It is only where these fundamental Sanctities are interfered with by things which put on their appearance, and are, after all, but devices of the fallible mind and heart of man, that we would call for pause and deliberation. There is, however, one thing which we may all, at any time, take up strongly, and do no harm by it. This is, the course of self-correction and self-improvement. Let us only apply to this with one-half the zeal we are so ready to use in our efforts to put our neighbours to rights, and we shall soon see a different style of world round about us.

#### A TRIP TO TELL'S LAND.

My friend Bullseye and I had had many little wranglings about this excursion of ours before it was actually put in execution; his opinions upon foreigners and foreign parts were very decided, and not at all favourable, but founded, perhaps, more on a sort of instinct than on actual experience, as he had never been out of Great Britain in his life. His noble nature was local, and little inclined to range; and I think it was with some notion of protecting me from insult and danger, rather than with any idea of enjoying himself much, that he became my travelling companion.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that my wife, Mrs Meekin, gave permission, and even urged me to take the following trip; for which I have rewarded her with five-and-thirty yards of Brussels lace, wound round my person in the dog-days, and presented to her duty-free.

Bullseye and I, who both live in the environs of London, started from the metropolis at eight o'clock one fine June morning for the Rhine and Switzerland. We had a knapsack each, in order to save the expense of luggage—which abroad is very great—and bother about portage; a valuable hint, derived, with many others, from the exhibition at Egyptian Hall. There it was that we first became enamoured of the Gemmi, and cultivated friendship, not unmixed with awe, for the Bernese Oberland. My own effects had been most artistically stowed away by Mrs Meekin—so artistically, indeed, that half of them refused to enter under my management on any terms—and consisted of absolute necessities, with sticking-plaster and Child's Patent Lights. Bullseye, who is a widower, accepted Murray as a creed, of which he was to obey every letter. He took with him, in addition to everything his unassisted genius could suggest, an ink-bottle, a door-fastener, a brandy-flask, a sandwich-case, and an enormous leather money-bag. I cannot sufficiently regret that this *Journal* is not pictorial, so that I might have given a portrait of my friend with his black spectacles and blue veil upon him—antidotes to the sun's reflection from the snow—of which he was good enough to give me a private view as we went down to Dover. A widow lady in the same carriage was driven to the verge of hysterics

at this sight, believing it to be a preparatory step to her assassination. He had also an enormous green umbrella, like a small marquise: 'Very useful, sir, I am told, in the mountain thunder-storms.' His library, which I do not think he would have parted with but with life, consisted of the infallible *Murray*, a book of table-talk, a foreign *Bradshaw*, and a Keller's map. Never surely, as Robinson Crusoe remarked when he first got his stock of provisions snugly packed in that delightful cave of his, was any man so fully provided.

I knew little French, and still less German; not enough to talk metaphysics, or express my views upon the solidarity of the peoples, but sufficient to call easily for bread and milk—which is my favourite food—in both those languages. Poor dear Bullseye was perfectly ignorant of either tongue; he had all his life been accustomed to consider everything foreign as utterly false and useless, and in the same light as Mr Thomas Carlyle would probably regard the new art of Potichomanie. 'If it was necessary,' Bullseye would remark, 'that conversation should be held with aliens, let the beggars learn English.' Not till Fatherland began to fade behind us, and the long low coast to eastward grew distinct to view, did we feel that we were really off and away: the sublime thoughts which would have, doubtless, been then engendered, perished before maturity; and we passed our time in watching the sea-green billows with feelings not to be outpoured in mere words.

At last, and with much difficulty, with four men pulling at the wheel, and the paddles revolving idly in hollow troughs of sea, we clove the level waters of Calais harbour. The panting engine then took longer breaths, the passengers began to hold their heads up in some hope, and the steward to collect shillings with a grin. Had he not been taken at such disadvantage, Bullseye would never have consented to be driven with the herd through the line of soldiers and the heap of *commissionaires* and touts, as he was. Even as he stood, abject, with all the colour washed out of his countenance, and most of his hair bolt upright, in the presence of the *douanier*, he was not without an air of dignity. That official addresses him with intense rapidity in the French language. Bullseye does but shake his head. What the other supposes to be the English tongue is then attempted, with the like result.

'Bullseye,' said I, 'he wants to know how old you are—quick.'

'What the deuce is that to him?' growls my friend.

'Vat dat man say?' demands the official angrily.

'Sept et trente,' I reply, which is quite good enough French for Calais, and at least suffices for the *douanier*.

We were then handed over to a sub—for there is a sub even in a French *douane*—who examined our knapsacks with much suspicion, in consequence of coming upon the door-fastener, after which a porter carried them for a franc apiece—next door. Here there was a *table-d'hôte* laid out, with small round ratafia-cakes, chocolate-sticks, and huge bottles of vinegar and oil; but afterwards came some potage like water with melted butter in it, and then some rags of meat; and this was observable in all our travels, that although we saw in the flesh what seemed to have been boiled for soups, we never saw the soups that the rags must, at some remote period, have made. The *vin ordinaire* was perhaps intended to give an appetite, as it certainly set the teeth on edge; but we ordered instead of it something I daren't spell, at five francs a bottle, whereupon, as I believe, they brought us the *vin ordinaire* again. It was a dreadful dinner; and Bullseye, through disgust at the plain dishes and fear of eating a frog in the *entrées*, took exclusively to rolls and cognac.

A lively French newsvender was good enough to hang about our carriage until the train started, and made friends with us immensely; he said the alliance

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of the English and the French was a fact 'supreme and ravishing'; upon my translating that to Bullseye, he bought a *Débats* and a *Constitutionnel* upon the spot, which, considering that he could not read them, was a generosity; and I really thought that the Frenchman, on his part, would have kissed him upon both cheeks in consequence. Then, with a slow cantering motion, and to the sound of a horn, like hunters from cover to cover, we moved on from station to station. At Lille, where we waited a quarter of an hour, Bullseye needs must get some oranges, 'the only food he could be sure of,' for which he paid 5d. apiece. Thinking he had time to see the town also, he got locked out from the platform; and I rescued him with difficulty from an abstruse altercation with an official with a naked sword. This adventure made him promise not to part from me again, and, in particular, to intrust me with all our financial arrangements whatever. Mouscron and Ghent had each its perils of changing trains; but when we got to Malines at ten o'clock at night, our embarrassments culminated. 'Où est la place pour le convoi à Cologne?' was our solitary and piteous cry; and every bearded official seemed to point in a fresh direction, and answer in a different phrase. At last, we were distinctly told, by a manual operation similar to the ancient telegraph, to cross to the opposite side altogether. There, by a feeble ray of moonlight, we found grass growing over the tramways, some broken steps of stone, and a shattered luggage-van, and stumbling back over a dozen lines of rail from this deserted spot, we just caught our train upon the point of starting. At Verviers, in the dead of night, we were turned out into a mirrored refreshment-room, elaborately carved and gilded; but there was nothing but anise-seed cakes in the way of food. At Aix, our passports were demanded, torn, indeed, from Bullseye, who had an idea that he was not to part with his under any possible circumstances, if he would escape the fate of Baron Trenck and Silvio Pellico. We reached Cologne at five o'clock in the morning—that is to say, in twenty-one hours from London Bridge—with a jolt that shook us from dog-slumber into confused being. The cold air suddenly let in upon my friend, as an official dashed down the window, was not sufficient to produce instant vivacity: he asked poor Bullseye three times 'whether he had anything to declare' (meaning any articles subject to duty), before he could get out of him even so much as 'what?' Even then, in Cimmerian darkness about duties, Bullseye observed that he certainly had a considerable quantity of things to declare, if the gentleman was quite sure he would not be offended to hear them; and indeed, but for a kindly and interpreting Dutchman, we should never have passed the Prussian frontier. As we had only knapsacks, and the rest of the passengers had heavy luggage, I made bold to ask a head functionary in green—with the most ultra-official cast of countenance I ever saw—to look at ours early. He looked fixedly at the outside of our humble parcels as I made my request, marched with a fiend-like malignity to the end of the apartment, scrutinised all things from imperials to reticules with suspicious care till he came to us, and then passed by and reviewed the remainder, so as to leave our knapsacks to the last. That the creature may be known to our compatriots, let me say that he is tall, thin, hatchet-faced, and bilious-coloured; and that he wears a stunted moustache, a green coat, and a little sword.

'This inhabitant of a stolen country, this myrmidon of a drunken king,' as Bullseye observed when we got to our hotel, with his left thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, and his right hand beating the air—did not impress us favourably with the character of the Prussian executive. What a beautiful bedchamber of ours was that at the said inn! with fair white muslin curtains, and crisp-clean counterpanes and sheets;

with small soft velvet couches, tables, and mirrors, and polished oaken floor! Regular full-sized towels there were none—all foreigners using them only at dessert—but little napkins in their place, about the size of note-paper, with little balls of cotton attached to them all round. There was, alas! too, no soap upon the wash-handstand, nor any basins—all foreigners reserving them for their tea-tables—except very small slop-basins; and there was, I mourn to say, a smell through the otherwise cleanly house that beggars description, and beats Bethnal Green.

As for a sketch of Cologne, or of the voyage up the Rhine, are they not written in a hundred chronicles, from that of Hood to this last book of Doyle's, this *Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, which I never can sufficiently admire. Dear Bullseye, from his great size and English habits, reminded me of Robinson not a little. I will only just take the omnibus to the river's brink, the great long machine quite narrowed at the end perspective, and filled with bearded aliens and moon-faced *frans*. The atmosphere is composed of one part air to three parts fire and smoke, and the air is only cologne, and not fresh air. Bullseye was expressing himself very freely upon this subject, when the wrangle began, as usual, with the 'cad' about the money; when one of the company, quite suffused with hair, and not distinguishable from a bear except upon the forehead, was so kind as to extricate us from our troubles, and address us in the purest English. This gentleman told us his delight in thus disguising himself was to hear what his countrymen would unwittingly say of his appearance; and certainly, in the case of Bullseye, he must have succeeded capitally. It had been arranged that we should walk by the river-bank where it was most beautiful; so we disembarked at Boppard, with the intention of going to Oberwesel. It was the first time I had tried my knapsack, and I thought it seemed to relieve me a good deal—and, indeed, it prevented me from choking—to hold on to the strap under my neck. At last we discovered that the said strap was intended to fasten across our chests instead. Even with that alteration, by the time we had reached one-sixth of a *stunden* (half a mile)—each of which distances were regularly marked along the way, to our intense disgust—Bullseye's breathing began to get positively stertorous, and pains came over our backs, our knees, and our shoulders; by this time, too, both our brandy-flasks were nearly dry, for an intolerable thirst compelled us to drink at every stream, which, when unmixed with spirit, *Murray* says, is deleterious. We found, however, quite a little man, who, having comprehended our case, took both our knapsacks on his back, and marched away before us, droning a song all the way to St Goar. Then had we leisure to admire the long green terraces of vines, raised one above the other on the low walls of stone, and the care and labour that must have been expended on them, in the turning of the now shallow water-courses, lest, after rain, they should overthrow all in ruin; the picturesque dresses of the women and their scarlet head-pieces; the masses of fine foliage here and there high up upon the hills; and, overtopping all, the frequent strongholds of a race long passed away. At that pleasant inn, the Lily of St Goar, we met a young Englishman who knew rather less French than Bullseye; not any, indeed, save the one word *arocat*, which he had been given to understand meant barrister, and which he wrote after his name in the hotel-books, to express his calling. As for difficulty with money, he said, although he had suffered from it at first, he now found none: by holding out a quantity of it in his hand, and leaving the creditor to select his proper due, he got along famously, without any bill or bother of any sort. For instance, he had received at Cologne heaps of change out of a Napoleon: there it was, if we liked to see it; and, with



that, he shewed us about a hundred coins from as many insignificant states, of the aggregate value of perhaps half-a-crown.

The day after our arrival at Basil, on the frontiers of the land of the free, we started by diligence for the Munsterthal; an insolent conducteur, a thoroughly wet day, and the company, inside, of a little boy, with whom sitting with his back to the horses did not agree, a good deal detracted from our appreciation of this sublime defile; once, and once only, did a burst of admiration proceed from my dear companion: 'We are come to a pretty pass here, upon my soul and honour, Meekin,' he said. Bullseye's bitterness of spirit, indeed, which he had hitherto nursed in silence, for once broke forth: 'I have never had one single good night's rest since I left London, but have been always wakeful from overfatigue, or hauled from my bed in the small hours to undergo more. I have never had anything to eat unalloyed with oil, or chocolate, or cinnamon; nor to drink stronger than tinted vinegar. The *limonade gazeuse* is pleasant, I confess; but think, sir, of a man of my habit of body being limited in my drink to a sort of ginger-beer! I have been herded exclusively with hairy asses for the last six days, for all that I can tell by sight, or sound, or smell. We met one waiter, and only one, in the course of the journey whom I liked, and you dragged me away from the house: yes, one who understood me, and whom I could trust, although I think it likely he was a ticket-of-leave man. I have put up with insult after insult from every official I have yet met with, from the green monster at Cologne to that blue-and-green absurdity who conducted us, and misconducted himself, from Basel to Munster. I think I shall be worried, if this lasts, into biting somebody. Without you, Meekin, dear Meekin, I cannot return. Do, then, but set me once again—I will pay all expenses—on the dear old island, and I will leave it never more.'

I was very much touched by the prostration and simplicity of the lion-hearted, his helplessness was so palpably real; and yet a Rochefoucauld or a Voltaire might perhaps have detected in my heart a sneaking triumph in the consciousness of my superiority: a couple of dozen French and German words had pedestaled me a pyramid's height above poor Bullseye. I comforted my friend with promises, however, that it would soon be over, this tour of pleasure which he had undertaken; and representing the baths of Schintznach and Schaffhausen as the nearest way to his beloved country, conducted him thereby to Zurich.

We had paid a considerable sum at Basel for the insertion of nails in our shoes, for safety in mountain-travelling, but having found those little brass knobs to trip us even upon level ground, when they did not, as the majority did, break short off at once, we had to pay again at Zurich for having them taken out, and new ones substituted. It was better than a pantomime to see dear Bullseye explain to the waiter, through the medium of a pin and the soles of his feet, the thing he wanted done; but at last we attached about ten pounds' weight of iron to our legs, and increased our stature by a good part of a cubit, in a double row of the hugest nails I ever saw. As it was out of the question to squeeze them into our knapsacks, we were obliged to wear them continually, making a tremendous clatter as we moved, and scoring the polished floorings of our rooms after the manner of glaciers. As the hotel *carte* contained some port wine, at ten francs the bottle, Bullseye would stay at Zurich for some days, much wondering at the sleek slow horses, and the ropes and contrivances that attached them so many yards off to what they drew. He saw one day a wagon-load of child's toys get its fore-wheel into an unpaved hole in the main street: forty or fifty Switzers gathered chattering round, looking at it, with a cigar apiece, from every point of view; then they seemed

to take some sort of solemn vow together, for they all shook hands and applied themselves to the consideration of the circumstances; they next took hold of the imprisoned wheel, and pushed at it, using as much breath as could be spared from the cigar; and all the time the driver ceased not to whip with impartiality those eight horses, which extended nearly a furlong in a straight line, and some were round the corner. After about half an hour, somebody bethought him of a lever, and the fore-wheel was set free; whereupon, the draught being still kept exactly in the same direction, the hind-wheel took its place with a crash, and the whole machine was shaken to small bits.

At Ragatz, we met some English engineers engaged on the great railway that is to pass through Coire, and up the valley of the Grisons to Disentia, and then through the mountain-chain, by a tunnel of fifteen miles long, to Olivere, in Italy. They nearly persuaded Bullseye to join their cricket-club, and actually did prevail upon us to take the projected course of their line. The valley of the Grisons is fine, if you have seen little else of Switzerland; but if it were ten times as grand, it would not be worth the pains of visiting. The inhabitants—who speak Romansh, a compound of hideous sounds, and nothing else—subsist upon eggs, cheese, and milk, exclusively, all of which are very bad. At Disentia, their chief town, which is a village as filthy as picturesque, we passed, I cannot say slept, a night. It has an immense convent, and six churches within sight of it, all of them fitted up with the most glittering and showy tinsel that can be bought—for coppers: a few Alpine roses would have been worth all their dirty filigree and tallowy saints. The women—most of whom, too, had goitres—were absolutely revolting to look at; and, indeed, we had seen no pretty girl, as Bullseye declared, since we left Dover; but this, of course, as I observed to Mrs Meekin, was his trouble, and had nothing to do with me. The Rhine becomes here but a narrow streamlet, crossed at some height, at frequent intervals, by narrow and loose planks, which were unpleasant enough to ride over. Car-road up the valley, further than Trons, there is none. As we had no means of making our wants known at our wretched inn, we wandered over the filthy kitchen, and laid our hands upon the least disgusting raw materials, which appeared subsequently at table boiled—in lamp-oil. I do not think that even extreme hunger makes nasty food palatable; the sense of taste is then more acute; and, although one may eat, it is impossible to enjoy. There came to be by this time on Bullseye's face a stereotyped expression of despair, far more eloquent than words.

Coming over the Oberalp next day, we fell into seven or eight feet of snow or so, every now and then. Bullseye did so oftener than I, by reason of his blue veil and black spectacles; but I, on the other hand, became half-blind from the sun-glare, and retained on my whole countenance but so much of skin as lies between the hair of the head and the eyebrows. Our two guides just comprehended that we were bound for Andermatt; and we christened the one *Passer la Montagne*, and the other *Bono Cavallo*, because those were the sole words belonging to any recognised language they knew. When, however, we reached our goal, they extracted from us two Napoleons for horse-hire; so, I suppose, they had studied financial matters to the exclusion of literature. Romansh, French, or German-Swiss—I regret to say it of these noble freemen—are indeed all alike a set of unscrupulous robbers. This fact, which we became fully acquainted with, combined with the barrenness of their soil and the ugliness of their women, caused Bullseye to express his wonder, not that the Swiss should have defended the land so stubbornly, but that the Austrians should have ever attacked it; it shewed a pitiful lust for conquest on the part of the invaders.

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At Andermatt, we had a bitter disappointment. While we were at our repast, and in contemplation of the five-franc vinegar, we uttered a pious hope that we might one day taste bitter beer again: the charmingly intelligent landlady seemed to understand us, and by the one word 'Allsop,' pronounced interrogatively, moved Bullseye almost to tears of joy. Alas! alas! our fears at the sight of the long-necked graceful bottle were only too well grounded: it was beer, indeed, but beer from Bavaria—as like to Allsop's beer as a horse-chestnut to a chestnut-horse. Where she had picked up that sublime name, to use it so parrot-like and vainly, I cannot conceive. It had been our intention to go from hence over the Furca and Grimsel; but Bullseye so firmly refused to stir a foot uphill, that we were compelled to change our route; so we drove, *en voiture*, with our weary feet—for we had walked perforce more than we had ridden—upon the opposite seats, down the glorious St Gothard Pass, over the Devil's Bridge, and the bridge where Tell was drowned in trying to save a child from the same fate—the fittest death that such a man could die—down to Fluelen on the Lake Lucerne.

Up the Rhigi, to see the sun rise, Bullseye positively refused to go. When I remonstrated with him upon this and on the folly of his buying an *Alpenstock*—for the names of his mountain-ascents to be branded upon it, as the custom is—he rejoined: 'That the names might be branded on it for the same money, whether he went up or not.' He was very happy at the Schweizer Hof, he said, and was ready to wait any time for me; but I dared not leave him for an hour, knowing that if he met an English family bound homeward, he would accompany them at once, even if he travelled on the foot-board. From Lucerne we rode over the Brunig Pass to Meyringen, where Bullseye purchased quite a little village of carved Swiss cottages. They were beautifully done, with frail-looking ground-flats, bulging first floors, and all the great stones that should have formed the foundations stuck on the roofs, just like the originals, and almost as large; but they broke to pieces a good deal before they came out of his knapsack. When he got the next day to Interlachen, a pretty village composed of capital hotels, news-rooms, and wood-cutting shops, we were wet through; and having no change of cloth garments, I was obliged to appear at the table-d'hôte of the Belvidere in a little short lace-jacket, of Swiss *broderie*. I had bought at Lucerne for Mrs Meekin. I got my dear friend on the morrow to walk over the Wengern Alp, and dine at the foot of the Jungfrau; but getting frightfully exhausted in the ascent, and having partaken at every *châlet* on the way of strawberries and cream—he was always shilly-shallying at those cottages for something or other—which disagreed with him sadly, he was not pleased. 'The thing'—by which he meant the sublime mountain—'looks very well from below, sir, and suggests coolness; whereas at this laborious elevation it turns out to be of a white heat.' Nor was he much impressed with the ice-avalanches, which were descending with glitter and clatter all around us. He had, indeed, a receipt for ice-avalanches, which I heard him confide to a Manchester gentleman who accompanied us: 'Take a lot of broken glass, sir, and an old leaden water-spout; shake well together, and pour down at intervals, in sight of a parcel of fools.'

It was a pretty descent enough, though, even Bullseye confessed, into the valley of the Grindelwald, through the groups of children, far prettier than they would ever grow up, laden with wild-flowers and the red Alpen roses, among the herds of cows and goats, from which he drank fresh milk; and serenaded by the mountain echoes 'sweet and far,' awakened, at frequent intervals, by the long straight Switzer's horn, or, as in one instance, by the thin clear notes of the

sackbut: in every case, I need not say, there was 'the piper to be paid.' On looking over the names in the hotel visitors' book, we found the titles of a Russian prince, with whom, under the same roof, Bullseye declined to stop another hour; so we went on to Frutigen.

The toil, even from this side of the Gemmi Pass to the summit, is considerable, and Bullseye hired a mule. When he reached the top of the mountain, and craned over the animal's head at the apparently sheer precipice that intervened between us and our goal—the baths of Leuk—I thought he would get off at once; which he did. Having always a tendency to vertigo, he could not even so much as look at the hideous depths beneath, but crawled along the narrow path with his face close to the rocky wall, like a fly.

The baths of Leuk are almost entirely resorted to by French, Germans, and Swiss, and the hotels are therefore not clean. When Bullseye and I had each a bath there, we read a little work upon the matter that interested us more intensely than it pleased. After enumerating all the diseases that were cured by the waters, which seemed to range from leprosy to headache, it went on to state that the sign of a beneficial effect was invariably a dreadful rash, called the Pousseée. This is the literal translation, which I read to dear Bullseye, in order to make him as anxious as myself:

'La Pousseée, that daughter of the baths of Leuk whom we seek, and yet avoid, whom we distrust, and yet so desire, forms the staple of conversation with the bathers; the introduction to friendship, the commencement, perhaps, of love.'

'Comment va votre Pousseée?'

'Avez-vous la Pousseée?'

'Je suis en pleine Pousseée.'

'Ma Pousseée s'est fort bien passée.'

These are our stereotyped inquiries. The Pousseée sometimes appears even after one immersion, and disappears commonly in about six weeks.

Fancy our feelings! Bullseye, indeed, became of such a curious colour upon hearing this, that I thought he had the Pousseée at once. Certainly I consulted my looking-glass next morning with some apprehension; for I should not have liked to have brought home with me—nor would Mrs Meekin have approved of my bringing her—the daughter of the baths of Leuk.

Before our departure, we went to see the creatures pousseé-ing in the baths. There were about forty males and females in one great tank, some of them break-fasting on floating-trays, some of them playing at 'the Ring'—a game like 'Hunt the Slipper'—and others at dominoes and chess; all dressed in a long apparel of dark serge, and most of the women with large hideous turbans on their heads, made of gilt-paper, as is the custom of the females thereabouts. One wretched man, on whom, I suppose, the Pousseée would not come, was exiled to a corner of the bath, a despised and persecuted being, who seemed to hold on to his little board for the bare life: perhaps, if we could have seen his legs, they were too short, and did not touch the bottom.

The gorge that leads from the baths to Leuk itself is ten miles of the finest scenery in Switzerland. I noticed Bullseye most thoroughly entranced with it, but confining his attention to one particular place. 'Yes,' he broke forth at last; 'by Jove it is! women with breeches on, as sure as I live;' and, indeed, up the road there came some half-dozen of Leuk ladies, with habiliments which are usually confined to the other sex. Steep and difficult ladders are the only communications the villagers of the heights have with those of the valleys here; and it is for convenience in ascent and descent that Bloomerism is thus carried to such unprecedented extent.

Starting too late from Martigny over the Tête Noire

to Chamouni, we were overtaken by the dusk; and the weather also looking dangerous, we put up at the nice little inn on the summit of the pass. It was necessary to start at three the next morning, in order to avoid paying two days' wages for the mule-man. At that hour, accordingly, and in almost pitch-darkness, with a terrible thunder-shower rolling through the glen, I was awakened by the piteous cries of poor Bullseye, who entered my room in a short shirt, accompanied by the most wondrous monster eye ever saw. 'Speak to it—speak to it, Meekin, and make it go away! It has been half-an-hour by my bedside, and now, like some foul witch Sycorax, it follows me about like this!' The figure of his companion was really rather horrible; she was old, and bent, and black, furnished with a tolerable-sized goitre, and, as I think, not right in her mind. The waiter, having been instructed overnight 'to see us out of bed' in the morning, had, like all officials, delegated his duty to our charming friend, and hence the reason of her faithful watch on Bullseye.

We then started through the storm to Chamouni. As we first came in sight of the snowy crown of the 'monarch of mountains,' I turned round to my friend for sympathy; and, lo, he was fast asleep! To me, Mont Blanc was disappointing; and Bullseye, when he departed, went so far as to say that the Mont Blanc of Egyptian Hall was by many degrees superior, and more like what a mountain ought to be, than the great original. From the large and continual influx of English here, the inns are very clean, and very different, in their internal arrangements, from the haunts of other foreigners and natives. 'The Germans,' says my friend, 'don't care about filth; and the French like it.'

A long day's journey brought us to Geneva, where we found an admirable hotel. The town seems made up of jewellers and booksellers, and has a gay and yet a learned look. I left Bullseye in his comfortable quarters, where he declared he had 'at last found human food,' and went myself to Vevay and Lausanne. On my return, a couple of days after, about seven o'clock, I found quite a little crowd assembled in the anteroom of the *salle-à-manger*; they had come to see the Englishman who breakfasted *à la fourchette* in the morning, and dined at all the (three) *table-d'hôte*s. I need not say that this was our dear friend himself; he had never gone further from his inn than the neighbouring bridge, from which the floating-barns of *blanchisseuses* had formed his constant objects of attraction. They beat, by the by, a certain dress-shirt of mine to such ribbons, that I dared not bring it home for Mrs Meekin to see.

Although we took precautions to secure places in the interior of the diligence to Lyon two days before, our right—as is always the case abroad—was disputed. A mob collected round us to hear the row; and the conducteur was, of course, in favour of his usurping compatriots. Bullseye, however, was the embodiment of firmness; and, after a little outbreak in his native tongue, instructed me to tell them 'qu'il ne moverait pas pour cent conducteurs ni pour toute la confédération Suisse.' I do not remember ever passing a night so wretchedly as that thirteen hours of diligence; worried by the jingle of the bells, startled by the smacking of the whips, hauled out in the dead 'waist and middle of the night' for passports and examination of luggage, and especially woke up at every change of horses. What dreadful sounds those horses uttered!—concerts that might have been conducted by frogs and pigs made up of croakings and sharp grunts. I thought, at first, it was the conducteur; but I withdrew that charge: it was the horses; that was, perhaps, why he called them *cochons* (pigs). I scarcely slept a wink, but watched my friend malignantly as he snatched his broken rest. He and a greasy German frau leaned on either side of the slight division of the carriage, and both their heads would now and then slide forward and

strike each other sharply with a dullish sound. At first, this would wake Bullseye with a start and an apology; but afterwards they got used to it, and butted each other without remonstrance.

Ah, how inexpressibly dirty did we feel in that bright summer morning, as we rumbled through the crowded streets of Lyon, and were drawn out at the coach-office! We eight poor wretches crawled into the sunshine from our darksome den like owlets; no parting to our hair, and no meeting to our shirt-buttons, and one gill was sunk under our waistcoat, and the other, damp and limp, hung over our cravat. To judge by appearances, the softer sex were not without their tribulations also. Three hours, then, to wash, and breakfast, and Lyonise, and off by the express to Paris—to Paris, which even Bullseye has a desire to look on, and 'which,' it is said, 'not to have seen is to be blind.'

Our hotel there was in the Rue Rivoli, and our room on the eighth floor. Oh ciel, what a height! but it looked over half the city, and the Tuileries gardens, in particular, lay close beneath us. Bullseye, coming back at even, worn and tired, would positively hire a waiter to drag him to his lair. He attached himself by the short tail of a gargon's jacket, and so was drawn, for half a franc, by slow and solemn steps, up to his Olympian residence. When this did not take place, he would accomplish the ascent himself, and, having invariably forgotten to ask for his key at the porter's, descend again.

Why should I speak of the fair city, that all men know so well by pencil and by pen? Enough, that we saw all Paris, even (though I should not care that it should come to Mrs Meekin) to the Bal Mobile. In about a week, a letter from my dear wife arrived of rather a decided character, and we came away that very evening. As for Bullseye—if he could only have got beef-steaks without French sauce—he was perfectly content; he had learned the sentence, 'Vive l'alliance!' and it was his 'open Sesame' to the heart of every native. Once, only, when he would have gone to the emperor's bedroom, I believe, it failed him with the sentinel. 'On ne passe pas,' said he; and Bullseye, thinking he wanted his *passport*, presented that and his *vive l'alliance* without effect. It was the last remark he uttered in the Channel before he became speechless. Finally, when a French gentleman, by a mistake not easily accounted for, left a curly-brown hat in the cabin, in place of Bullseye's black one, our friend thus surmounted, presented, on his reaching his native land, a very touching type of *vive l'alliance* in his own proper person. I shall never forget his look, however, when he first set foot on shore, and, pointing with his right hand to the sea, and then to the continent beyond, remarked: 'Never again, Meekin—never again!'

#### DAME NODLEKINS'S WORK-BOX.

Our relations, the gay, prosperous Passymounts, did not think it worth while to trouble themselves about an old spinster cousin of theirs and ours, generally known as Dame Nodlekina, though her visiting-cards designated their owner as 'Miss Deborah S. M. Nodlekina.' The Passymounts were aware of the fact, that our cousin's comfortable annuity was only a life one; and, therefore, it seemed highly improbable that Dame Nodlekina would have aught to bequeath on her decease, save personalities, which were of small comparative value, as she was a liberal almsgiver, and, in a moderate way, enjoyed every luxury. The garniture of Dame Nodlekina's house, indeed, was faded and antique; the spinet was cracked; the linen was well-darned; the plate scanty, and worn thin with use and furbishing; and the books, torn and dusty, might easily be counted on a couple of shelves. Dame Nodlekina had neither



diamonds nor pearls, nor trinkets of any description; her days were passed in a dreamy state of tranquillity, stitching, stitching, stitching for ever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. *That* wanted no plenshing; *that* was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task. Dame Nodlekens particularly excelled and prided herself on her darning; carpets, house-linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry. Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by Dame Nodlekens; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths, for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats to many other single ladies; she was lost without it; her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning-cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of Dame Nodlekens.

The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and, without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton, and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that Dame Nodlekens first regarded me with favour, in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters, and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make 'both ends meet.' However, it was a wholesome, honest poverty, and we did not envy our gay relations, the Passymounts; though, as we all grew up, it was impossible on straitened means to educate us so completely as our fond father and mother would have aspired to do, had they possessed the ample means of these relatives. There were three Misses Passymount, and one Master Passymount: the young ladies cultivated various accomplishments, such as drawing, dancing, playing on the harp and piano, and talking, dressing, and flirting; but as to the one accomplishment—'the one accomplishment needful for women,' as Dame Nodlekens called it—they, the dashing, rich Misses Passymount, knew nothing of it. Nay, Miss Laura Passymount blushed, and Miss Arabella tittered, when Dame Nodlekens asked them if they could darn a stocking, and even offered to give them a lesson on hearing their disdainful confession of utter ignorance. 'Our stockings do not require darning, cousin Nodlekens,' said Miss Passymount, tossing her head; 'we are not accustomed to the thing at all—we have been differently brought up;' and Miss Passymount looked to my mother and myself—for we were present at this conversation—as much as to say: 'We leave darned stockings and table-cloths to such poor folks as you.'

Dame Nodlekens took no notice of the rebuff, but went on with her work, and continued to scold me at intervals for idleness and skipping stitches; though, on the whole, she was proud of me as her pupil; and, between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings and socks we made whole in the course of the year. We resided near our cousin Deborah, and midway between her house and ours was the fine mansion inhabited by the Passymounts; and many an evening when I was invited to take tea at Dame Nodlekens's, and to bring my work-bag in my hand as a matter of course, and to sit with her for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock, I

confess the sounds of music and the lighted rooms, as I passed by the Passymounts's house, filled my young heart with something like regret—not envy: no, I hope I never indulged *that*. The Passymounts did not ask any of us to their festive gatherings, save at rare intervals; and then we did not often go; for we were proud in our humble way, and had enough to do to procure stuff-frocks for the little ones, without spending money on finery for the Passymounts's parties. But I had danced there once or twice in a white muslin-frock, which my dear mother had ironed with her own hands, and Dame Nodlekens had delightedly darned, when I met with an accident running after the children; and I loved that dear old white muslin-frock ever since, and I have it now laid up in lavender, because I passed such happy bright evenings when I wore it; and I did not feel a bit that I looked shabby, when my partner, Harry Lloyd, picked up a fresh rose I had worn in my hair, and would not restore it to me, saying something very foolish, of course, as young men will do to foolish young girls who like to hear flattery. And when I went by the Passymounts's house, on my way to drink tea with Dame Nodlekens, and to sit poring over needle-work in silence, it was only natural, I think, to look up at their windows with a sigh; for I knew there would be dancing and merry-making within, and Harry Lloyd would be there. People said that Harry Lloyd was courting Arabella Passymount; but I knew that was false; because Harry had wished to marry me, and his father would not consent that his son should marry a portionless girl; and my father would not listen to Harry, but went off in such a rage as I never saw him in before, at the bare idea of his daughter entering any family unwished for—as, truth to tell, Harry had been silly enough to press me to marry him, without asking anybody's consent. Old Mr Lloyd and my father were very civil to each other; but when Harry found that I would neither see him in private nor receive any of his letters, he chose to behave himself like an injured person, and as if we had all deeply offended him. Yet I did not believe he was courting Miss Arabella Passymount, though I could fancy Harry dancing and laughing within, as, leaning on my father's arm, we walked homewards down the dark street, across which a ray of light gleamed, streaming from the windows of our rich but unkind relatives.

Harry's mother was a crony of Dame Nodlekens; so she, of course, knew all about the tale of true love never running smooth. But Miss Deborah, like a prudent spinster, made no comment. She had eschewed matrimony herself; but being naturally of a taciturn, uncommunicative temperament, no one knew whether it was from choice or necessity. Her work-box was to Dame Nodlekens as a dear friend; I do not believe she loved any human being so well—her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me as time progressed, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in *her* devotion; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did, and so did Dame Nodlekens; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so every evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

At length Harry Lloyd came to say good-bye: he was going abroad at his father's wish. My parents shook hands kindly with him, and he said pleasant, affectionate words to all. But when he came to me—ah!—he did not speak; but I flung myself into my dear mother's arms, and wept, and I heard my father

say: 'God bless you!' and Harry was gone. So I went on darning stockings, and the Passymounts went on dancing, and Dame Nodlekens went on the even tenor of her way; until at length her summons came, and, after several warnings, she shut up her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet. These preparations completed, Dame Nodlekens turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep.

My gentle mother had a heart so tender and benevolent, that although Dame Nodlekens and herself had had so few sympathies in common, she shed tears on hearing the closing scene was over; and I remember her turning to my father with a sigh, and saying: 'Ah! she was a wonderfully industrious woman, and such a help to me in the darning-way. Poor old soul! I doubt not that she has left us all she had to leave; and every little is a windfall, with a large family to provide for.'

But my dear mother for once had miscalculated, for Dame Nodlekens had not left us all she had to leave. To the surprise of the Passymounts, no less than to the surprise of ourselves, Miss Deborah's testamentary disposition of her property was as follows:—To Miss Passymount, the cracked spinet was bequeathed, she being 'musical' (so the will was worded); to Miss Laura, the books were left, she being 'literary'; to Miss Arabella, the gimcracks, chimney-ornaments, and paper-screens, and so on, she being a 'lover of art'; to Master Passymount, the only son of this rich aspiring family, Dame Nodlekens left the few ounces of silver denominated her plate, Master John being 'thrifty'; to Mrs Passymount was bequeathed the household linen, and to Mr Passymount the household furniture, because 'they had exhibited so fine a taste in adorning their own fine mansion'; to Ada Benwell—that was myself—the huge old work-box, along with all its contents, was left, 'in token of the high esteem and affection with which she was regarded' by the deceased. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others: 'every ball of darning-cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing,' said Dame Nodlekens; 'for Ada Benwell is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore I particularly commend the balls of darning-cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season.'

'My poor Ada,' sobbed my mother rather pettishly, 'it is rather hard, I must confess, only to have a few balls of darning-cotton, and needles, and tapes; when the Passymounts, who want nothing, and will turn up their noses at such trumpery as Dame Nodlekens could leave them, have all.'

'But, my dear,' interposed my father smiling, 'if it is such trumpery, why covet it for our Ada?'

'It may bring one or two hundred pounds, Joseph,' replied my mother meekly; 'for there's the furniture, and plate, and linen, and books, you know. And of course we should have sold everything off, which no doubt the Passymounts will do; and only think of the dame leaving Ada nothing but her work-box.'

'But, mamma,' I ventured to remark, 'we must not forget that poor Miss Deborah placed more value on this work-box than on anything else she possessed in the world. And it is a great proof of her affection for me—and, besides, how very useful it will be—I shall love it, I am sure, quite as much as she did. And here is the key, all sealed up and directed to me.'

'Well, well, my dear child, we must be content, of course. I am sure I do not wish to be grasping or covetous, or to foster such unworthy feelings in any of our dear children,' replied my mother with an air of resignation; 'and I am thankful the poor old lady found comfort in your companionship, Ada, my dear,

which she evidently did; and also that she does you justice, my dear child, by naming you so handsomely. But, deary me! how the Passymounts must laugh at their legacies! Only fancy Miss Passymount, with her brilliant harp and grand piano, turning to Dame Nodlekens's spinet, by way of change, being "musical;" or Miss Laura quitting her silken-bound volumes, lettered in gold, for the torn, dusty, dirty books on the two shelves in the dame's dining-room; and then that riddled old linen for Mrs Passymount—why, they haven't a darned duster in the house, I warrant.'

'Never mind, my dear—never mind,' said my father; 'let them laugh—it's better than crying. Dame Nodlekens meant to be just—she was an honest, just-meaning woman—the Passymounts and ourselves are the only relatives she had, and she wished to leave us all alike, if possible, quite irrelevant of our circumstances. And, as Ada remarks, the work-box being left to her, proves the old lady loved her the best.'

'Then she might have shewn it,' murmured my mother, 'by giving the silver, instead of darning-cotton.'

But a mild reproving look from my father made the speaker blush, as she quickly came to his side, kissed him, and left the room. From that day, we never discussed the subject again of Dame Nodlekens's testamentary arrangements; the work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning-cotton rapidly diminished. The Passymounts made much fun, amongst themselves and their neighbours, about the grand legacies which had fallen to their share. Nothing was removed from Dame Nodlekens's house, but a well-attended sale cleared the premises speedily. Mrs Passymount laughingly declared the proceeds had actually bought an India shawl for one of the girls, and a gold bracelet for another; and Master Passymount handed about a small gold snuff-box, 'his share,' he was wont to boast, 'of the old girl's rubbish.' I saw the brokers carrying away the tables and chairs which I knew so well, and which for so very many years had rested securely in Dame Nodlekens's peaceful house. I could not help sighing sadly as one relic after another was rudely flung into the street; and I rejoiced that the dear old work-box at least was safe in my keeping. Painters and paperers were soon busy in the dingy house; a new family became the tenants; and nothing was left to remind us of Dame Nodlekens, save the huge work-box. That, however, never was idle; and, as I have said, the balls of darning-cotton grew gradually smaller and smaller; until at length one day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with our needles, she remarked: 'You have followed poor Dame Nodlekens's injunctions, my Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning-cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done.'

As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment, she unfolded it before our astonished gaze: it was a bank-note of £50!

'Oh, dear, misjudged Dame Nodlekens!' she exclaimed; 'this is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her—kind, queer old soul!'

We were not long of using up all the other balls of darning-cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

No less than ten £50 notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower with my needle. No persuasions

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could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my 'reward'; nor would he allow me to expend a farthing of it in the way I would best have loved—namely, in educating my little brothers and sisters, and adding to the frugal comforts of our dear home. The story of the treasure found in the work-box soon got noised abroad; and among other curious visitors, old Mrs Lloyd, Harry's mother, called to satisfy herself as to the truth of the report. She was very pleasant and gossiping; and soon afterwards, a formal but courteous invitation arrived—in which I was particularly included with my father and mother—to a dinner-party at the Lloyds, three weeks from the date of the note being the day specified for the feast. To my surprise, the invitation was quietly accepted by my parents; nor was my surprise much greater, on entering Mr Lloyd's drawing-room, to see Harry there, looking well and supremely happy. A mist gathered over my eyes when Harry's father took my hand, and placed it in his son's. Ah, that was a bright dinner-party for us all! and in three months after, I became Harry's wife. The dear old work-box stands in our house, in a place of honour; and at festive seasons, when happy family reunions take place, never was work-box so much admired and caressed; and my own blooming children, and many nephews and nieces, gather round it, and tell their fairy tales, until I believe they almost expect some day to see a little old fairy in green, representing good old Dame Noddekins herself, jump out when the lid is opened, with a darning-needle for a wand, and a ball of cotton for a stool.

#### FOOD OF LONDON.\*

THIS is a curious and interesting subject, handled by a man skilled in turning all sorts of intricacies inside out, and laying bare the heart of their mystery. The food of between two and three million people congregated in a single city! How is it supplied? Whence does it come? By what elaborate official machinery is it regulated, so that this enormous number of human beings may have enough to satisfy their tastes and necessities, and not enough to ruin the caterers by leaving on their hands an unsaleable balance? These are some of the pregnant questions discussed in this volume; but with regard to the last, even Mr Dodd can do little more than smile at the idea of official interference in commercial business. The reason why London suffers from neither famine nor repletion, is simply that government is so kind as to take no concern about the matter, but to allow demand and supply to be adjusted according to the private interests of the buyers and sellers.

The transit of food to London affords an interesting chapter; and the next contains various calculations of the total quantity consumed in the metropolis. The most picturesque of these calculations is one by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who considers that if all the barrels of beer consumed annually in London were piled together, they would make 1000 columns nearly a mile in height; that the oxen, walking ten abreast, would form a procession seventy-two miles long; that the sheep, likewise ten abreast, would form a woolly mass 121 miles long; that the calves would extend in the same way seven and a half miles; and the swine form a grunting army nine miles in length. The birds, game, poultry, and wild-fowl, flying wing to wing and tail to beak, would cover a square of fifty-one acres; the hares and rabbits, 2000 abreast, would

extend a mile; and of the half-quartern loaves, you might build a pyramid 200 square yards at the base, and nearly three times the height of St Paul's.

We have next everything relating to the cereals and the food derived from them; then all sorts of information about cattle and cattle-markets, country meat and cured provisions—that is, provisions generally, for technically the term is limited to cured meat, lard, cheese, and butter. In the chapter on dairy produce, the milk consumed in the United Kingdom, according to one calculator, is 1150 million quarts annually. 'Mr Poole assumes that an average milch-cow yields seven quarts of milk as a daily average, and that the average retail price is 8d. per quart; and from these data a result is arrived at, that the whole supply requires 450,000 milch-cows, and that the retail value amounts to the prodigious sum of L.14,000,000 per annum. But limiting the inquiry to London, the same authority assumes that the carefully reared cows that furnish most of the supply for the metropolis yield nine quarts per daily average; that the number thus employed is 24,000; that the quantity of milk consumed is about 80,000,000 quarts annually; and that the consumers pay not less than L.1,600,000 for it.' The supply of London with milk is in a transition state at present, owing to the interloping railways; but there are still some large dairies at the outskirts conducted on the old plan, which was as follows:—

'At three o'clock in the morning, a bevy of milk-women assembled, each with her pail and her stool, to milk the cows, of which 400 or 500, perhaps, would be milked in an hour and a half. The milk was carried away, in tall cans or in milk-pails, to the houses of the small traders who were not so wealthy as to possess cows; and by those dealers it was dispensed to the breakfast consumers. At twelve at noon, another milking took place, and another distribution among the humble dealers. The milkers were employed by the buyers, if they were not the buyers themselves; they brought their own vessels, milked the cows at stated hours, and paid so much per gallon. At one of these dairies, each cow is said to consume per day about a bushel of grains, fifty-six pounds of turnips or of mangel-wurzel, and twelve pounds of hay. At another dairy near Peckham, there are 300 cows, with a farm to supply them with fodder. It was stated a year or two ago, that this dairy contained one cow which had yielded twenty-eight quarts per day for six weeks; and that the average yield of all the cows was as high as fifteen quarts. There is a sort of "quarantine-ground" for newly purchased cows, where they are kept until their condition warrants their introduction to the company of the high-conditioned milkers. Scrupulous cleanliness is everywhere maintained; the men engaged with the cows frequently bathe and change their clothes. The milk, when drawn, is strained, and poured into upright cans; these cans are sealed, put into vans, started off at three o'clock in the morning, and arrive at a dépôt in the city; the seals are removed by a clerk, the milk is poured into other cans; and these cans, being locked by the clerk, are carried off by milkmen, who supply the breakfast-tables of the various customers. All this scruple is manifested in order to insure that which is somewhat rare in the metropolis—pure milk.' It is said that 450 gallons of milk should yield 430 pounds of cheese; and that a cow ought to produce her own weight and value in cheese annually. The quantity of cheese imported into this country was, in 1854, 44,000,000 pounds.

The importance of the London market is oddly evidenced by the fact, that fattening geese for it is a distinct occupation. 'The fatteners pay unremitting attention to the wants of the geese, classing them according to their condition; keeping them always clean; feeding them three times a day, alternating

\* *The Food of London: a Sketch of the Chief Varieties, Sources of Supply, Probable Quantities, Modes of Arrival, Processes of Manufacture, Suspected Adulteration, and Machinery of Distribution, of the Food for a Community of Two Millions and a Half.* By George Dodd, author of *British Manufactures, &c.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.

dry with soft food; and supplying them with good water and an exercise-ground. The young geese begin to reach the fatteners about the month of March, from which time they arrive weekly throughout the season. Some of the fatteners have pens capable of containing 4000 or 5000 geese. Young or green geese are brought early and in large numbers to the London market, where they command high prices; they have been fed on oats, oatmeal, pease, and butter-milk or skim-milk; whereas the Michaelmas geese have picked up a portion of their food in the stubble-field and the barn-yard. One of the fatteners sent to London at Christmas-time, in geese, ducks, and turkeys, a weight of twenty tons. In the two markets of Leadenhall and Newgate Street, about 5,500,000 head of poultry and game are sold annually.

In the fish-chapter, we find that Billingsgate Market supplies the Londoners with 97,520,000 soles in the year. This, apparently, is the favourite of the palate; while plaice—36,600,000—is the favourite of the pocket. Next come mackerel, to the number of 23,620,000; and then whittings, 17,920,000. As for oysters, they amount to 500,000,000, and cost L.125,000. Shrimps are much less expensive, but the number is about the same. Upon the whole, we have from this market what our author calls 'a stupendous total' of 3000 million of fish, weighing 230,000 tons, and valued at about L.2,000,000. This, however, does not include *sprats*, which no calculator has been daring enough to number; and perhaps the reader will find his imagination rather oppressed than otherwise by the description of the sprat-season. 'The sprat-season is one of especial excitement: it is "high change" with the fustian-jackets; for, probably, ninety-nine hundredths of all the sprats are bought by street-dealers. The sprat-vessels draw up as near to Billingsgate quay as is practicable; boards and gangways are laid down, and incessant streams of people flow to and fro; the sprats at a busy time are not brought up to the market, for the buyers go to the vessel, and there make their purchases. It is no exaggeration to say, that 500 of these persons may be seen thus engaged at one time; and the eager earnestness of countenance shews that the transactions are to them matters of commerce, of profit or loss. Baskets of all shapes and sizes, laden with glittering sprats, are brought ashore, sometimes by the itinerant dealers themselves, sometimes by porters, who earn a half-penny or so for their services.'

The magnitude of the business at Covent Garden may be imagined from the fact, that in the pea-season a single salesman will keep thirty women constantly employed in *shelling pease*; and that after the green-grocers, the cooks, and the private families are supplied with the best fruits and vegetables, about 3000 costermongers are in attendance to purchase the remainder. These last, it may be supposed, purchase cheaply enough; while some other customers are not unwilling, at certain times, to give 25s. per pound for grapes, 1s. per ounce for strawberries, 3s. per hundred for French beans, and two guineas per quart for pease. 'No feature connected with a day's business at Covent Garden is more remarkable than the portering, or carrying of the heavily laden baskets: women, as we have said, are the chief porters; and sturdy dames they are, who in power of flat and power of tongue would yield to few lords of the creation. The outlying parts of the market, exterior to the buildings, are those best worth visiting in early morn, when laden wagons, baskets without number, vegetables in incalculable quantity, salesmen, green-grocers, costermongers, and feminine Samsons, completely fill the open spaces, and a busy hum of voices is heard on all sides. Wonderful is it to think of the power of ordinary commerce in this place. Whether there be or be not an extra supply of any one vegetable on any one morning, off

it all goes: the costermongers will buy whatever the green-grocers do not want; inasmuch that the afternoon sees the market-place clear and clean, swept and washed, whether the supply has been large or small. What commissariat department could do the work so well?' The total weight of vegetables sold at the London markets in 1850 is estimated at 3570 tons; and of fruit at 45,030 tons; the aggregate value being about three millions sterling.

At the head of the groceries stands tea, of which the quantity retained for home-consumption in 1852 was 55,000,000 pounds; in 1853, 59,000,000 pounds; and in 1854, 62,000,000 pounds—giving about two pounds per head per annum on the entire population of the country.

Among the curiosities connected with 'the beverages of London,' we are told of a hop-grower in the parish of East Farleigh, in Kent, who possessed L.70,000 worth of hop-poles; and of another who has 500 acres of hops, and who sometimes employs 4000 persons during the picking-season. But our space warns us to forbear. It has been found impossible to calculate the consumption of malt liquor in London; but some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the trade from the fact, that two of the great brewers send out 50,000 gallons per day each. The chapter on wine is equally interesting with that on beer.

The good things of life, some of which we have enumerated, are sold to the Londoners, our author tells us, by 100,000 persons. The most numerous on the list are the publicans; but the eating-houses, dining-rooms, taverns, and chop-houses, where the hungry citizens eat and drink on the premises, are matters of great importance. A butcher in Threadneedle Street 'stated before a committee of the House of Commons a few years ago, that he frequently cuts up a hundred saddles of mutton in a day into chops, to be cooked at the neighbouring chop-houses;' and we well remember ourselves one of these chop-houses, close to the butcher's, where we have seen some of the magnates of the city lay down upon the bar a paper of chops they had just selected and brought in to be cooked. The clubs, considered as dining-rooms, are about as inexpensive as any of the ordinary eating-places. The dinners at the Athenæum in 1832 cost, on an average, 2s. 9½d. each; and in 1839, those of the Junior United Service, 2s. 3d. each. The wine drank averaged about half a pint. Next to the clubs come the *al fresco* treats, more especially on Saturday evenings. 'Not the least remarkable among these Saturday-evening traders are those who deal in little savoury knick-knacks that may serve for a supper, or for a penny-treat to the errand-boy who has just received his weekly wages. At one point is the "baked 'tato" man, with his brightly polished, hot and steaming, tripodal or quadrupedal apparatus, redolent of large potatoes and strong butter. Near him is the vendor of hot pies—mutton, eel, veal, beef, kidney, or fruit; all at a penny. A little further on is a table decked out with saucers, containing hot stewed eels, sold in pennyworths, or even still smaller quantities. The periwinkle-man is near at hand, with his half-pint measure of doubtful capacity. The stall of another dealer displays certain meat-like attractions, which prove to be pigs' chaps and pigs' pettitoes; and probably sheep's trotters are there likewise. Baked chestnuts appear to have come somewhat into favour lately in London; and the oven or stove of the vendor of such comestibles may very likely be met with in these street-bazaars. It is just possible that a coffee-room *al fresco* may present itself to notice. Innumerable varieties of confectionary and "sweet stuff" are spread in tempting array before the boys and girls, the chief customers for such things. The ginger-beer man, either with his penny-bottles or his majestic apparatus on wheels, is ready to supply the wants of thirsty souls.'

And so goes on this world of London; and such is the sort of amusement and information presented in the *catalogue raisonné* of its food we have been dipping into here and there.

### OLD AND YOUNG RUSSIA.

My home is in the government of Orel, about 300 versts\* south-west of Moscow. I have many neighbours around me—that is to say, within a circle of 200 versts, or thereabouts; and we occasionally visit, in a friendly way, at each other's houses. Amongst my neighbours are two nobles, who offer types so characteristic of two very distinct classes in Russia, that I mean to introduce them to my readers, who, probably, may not be unwilling to form their acquaintances.

At about twenty versts from my dwelling resides an ex-officer of the Guards, who is a very fine gentleman. His name is Arcadi Pavlytch Péenotchkine. The mansion in which my friend Péenotchkine resides has been constructed according to the plan of a French architect; his servants are all clad in English liveries. He gives excellent dinners, and treats his guests with distinguished courtesy; and yet he is by no means popular amongst his neighbours.

Arcadi Pavlytch has received a liberal education; he has served in the army; he has acquired that sort of polish which is imbibed only in the higher circles of society. According to his own account, he watches carefully over the wellbeing of his vassals, whom he professes to treat rather with justice than severity; and when he punishes them, it is to be regarded as 'the best proof of his love.' 'They are creatures,' he is wont to say upon such occasions, 'who must be treated like children; for, in fact, my dear friend, they are but children of a larger growth, and we must ever take this into consideration when we are dealing with them.'

When Arcadi Pavlytch is under the 'sad necessity' of chastising any of his people, he never betrays any feeling of impatience or anger; he does not even frown or raise his voice—such vulgar demonstrations would not accord with his ideas of elegance and refinement—he merely raises his forefinger, and says coldly to the criminal: 'I had requested you, my dear fellow; or else, 'What have you done, my friend?—just consider a little.' His teeth may be closed a little tighter than usual; a slight contraction may be observed at his mouth; and that is all.

Arcadi Pavlytch's stature is rather below the ordinary height; but his figure is good, his features are finely formed, and his hands white and delicate. He is very vain of these, and bestows a great deal of care upon them. His dress is always after the latest fashion; he speaks soft and low, so that his words seem to escape in a whisper through his fine moustaches. He seasons his conversation with a great many French words; one hears continually, 'Enchanté, charmé, ravi,' &c. He talks of French literature, and buys all the newest works published in that language, although he reads but little, and found it an effort to get through even the *Juif Errant*. He professes himself a disciple of Epicurus, and laughs at all other philosophy, calling it the 'quintessence of German folly.' He says he is passionately fond of music, and often hums an operatic air while he is playing cards, but generally pitches his voice too high.

Arcadi Pavlytch passes his winters at St Petersburg, where he lives in excellent style. A mixture of French and English fashions appears in his household arrangements. So particular is he as to the cleanliness and nicety of his servants, that his coachmen not only clean their harness and dust their *armiaaks*, but they push

their refinement so far as to wash their hands and faces daily.

Arcadi Pavlytch is a favourite with the ladies; they say he is so refined and polished a gentleman—his manners are so exquisite, his conversation so superior! For my part, I cannot join in the praises thus bestowed by my fair country-women, and feel a sort of antipathy to this 'refined gentleman,' which makes me avoid his society as much as possible. Once only was I prevailed on to accept an invitation to his house; and, despite the comfort and elegance with which I was surrounded, I felt myself ill at ease beneath his roof. There was a look of downcast gloom about his domestics which chilled my spirit; and on retiring to rest at night, when a well-curled and pomatumed valet, clad in blue livery, with large heraldic buttons, came to take off my boots, I was so painfully struck by the pallor and depression of his aspect, that I would rather have had a servant-boy fresh from the plough to do the same office for me, however awkward or uncouth might have been his mode of service.

I had ordered my horses and *caféche* to be ready for me at an early hour on the following morning; but Arcadi Pavlytch, on hearing of my intention, insisted so strenuously on my remaining to breakfast with him à l'Anglaise, that I was obliged to consent. Breakfast was prepared for us in a charming saloon, which was furnished with much taste and elegance. Together with tea and fancy-bread of various sorts, were served cutlets and poached eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, wine, &c. We were waited on by two footmen, who wore white gloves, and who stood silently watching our glance, and supplied with the utmost celerity our slightest wants. We were seated on a Persian divan, whose soft, downy cushions lay piled around us. My host wore an ample *charovar*\* of silk, a black velvet waistcoat, and a crimson fez, whose long blue tassel hung negligently on one side of his head. His costume was completed by a pair of yellow Chinese slippers. He sipped a cup of tea, looked at his nails, smoked a cigarette, and placed a down cushion beneath his elbow, that he might rest more entirely at his ease. He seemed to be in good-humour with himself and with every one around him. He soon addressed himself to the more solid part of the repast, and made a serious attack upon the cutlets and cheese. He then poured out a glass of red wine; but scarcely had he put it to his lips when a dark frown clouded his countenance, and he laid down the glass untasted upon the table.

'How is this?' inquired he, in a cold, dry tone, of one of the attendants. 'This wine has not been mullied, as I ordered it to be.'

The servant turned pale, and stood silent and motionless before his master.

'Pray, do you hear that I am asking you a question, my dear fellow?' resumed the young nobleman with studied calmness, while his eyes remained fixed with a serpent-like gaze upon the unhappy culprit, who seemed to be fascinated beneath his master's glance, and was evidently unable to articulate a word; his only movement being that of slightly twisting the napkin he held in his hand.

Arcadi Pavlytch bent down his head, and looked from beneath his lids at the trembling attendant. 'Pardon me, my friend,' said he, addressing himself to me with a soft smile, as he laid his hand in an amicable manner upon my knee; and then he bent anew the same silent severe glance upon his servant. 'Well, you may go,' said he at length emphatically to the culprit; and at the same moment touched the handle of a bell, which quickly brought into his presence a dark, square-built man, with low forehead and squinting eyes.

\* Three versts are about equal to two English miles.

† This was written in 1832, before the Anglo-French invasion.

\* A sort of wide trousers, which are so formed as to reach beneath the foot and enter into the shoe.



'Do your business with Féodore,' said Arcadi Pavlytch, in a cold, composed tone. The dark squat man bowed, and withdrew. Féodore followed with tottering steps; and, as I saw his ghastly look of fear, my heart sank within me.

'These are the *désagréments* of a country-life,' observed my host to me, in an off-hand, jocular manner. 'These fellows do not know their business, or do not mind it; and so one has the trouble of teaching them.' A sigh seemed to escape his lips when he had ended. One might almost have supposed it to be the sigh of an indulgent master, pained at the necessity of chastising some refractory slave. But I was not deceived. I loathed the being who sat by my side, and felt impatient to depart. In vain did my host urge me to prolong my visit; I was only too happy to find myself once more breathing the free air of heaven, as I drove along with my gun by my side, and my faithful pointer running along close to the wheels of my calèche.

And now I ask permission to introduce you to another of my neighbours—a very estimable man, and one who enjoys a certain share of consideration in many districts of our government. Mardari Apollonytch Stégounoff is of a very different stamp from the young nobleman who has already been presented to you. He is no longer young, and even in his best days had no pretensions to good looks. He is a little, round man, rather puffy, and with scarcely a hair upon his head; has a double chin, small twinkling eyes, and short, thick, soft hands. He is fond of jokes and good living, likes his ease, and follows his own fancies in all things. In summer, as well as in winter, his ordinary costume is a striped dressing-gown, wadded, and lined with silk. He has never served in the army, hates foreign fashions, and boasts of being a plain, practical man, who lives in the same way as his forefathers did before him. There is but one point in common between him and Arcadi Pavlytch—he, too, is a bachelor.

Mardari Apollonytch is the owner of 500 souls; but he bestows very little care either upon his vassals or his estate. About ten years ago, by way of not being too far behind the age, he purchased at Moscow a machine for beating out corn. He brought it home, and locked it up in a stable, where it remains in safety until the present hour. Now and then, on a fine summer's day, he orders his *béguvaidrochka* to be got ready, and he drives out into the fields to look at his crops and—to pluck harebells. Mardari Apollonytch is a Russian of the old school, and lives according to the fashion of the olden times. His domestic arrangements correspond with these antique predilections. Scarcely has one reached his ante-chamber, when a mingled aroma of kvass, tallow candles, and leather boots is wafted to the olfactory nerves. One of the corners of this apartment is ornamented with a pyramid of papers, mingled with the necessary adjuncts for smoking. In the dining-room are to be found—besides an ordinary table and some chairs—several family-portraits, multitudinous swarms of flies, and a shrill old spinet. In the drawing-room are three divans, three tables, two mirrors, a large pot of geranium, and an old alarm-clock, having an enamelled dial-plate and sculptured bronze hands. His own cabinet contains a bureau laden with papers; a large blue screen, adorned with prints, which have been cut out of books published a century ago; two presses, filled with musty volumes; spiders and cobwebs, with black dust in abundance; and an easy, well-stuffed arm-chair. The only light which shines in on this apartment comes through a Venetian-blind, and through four panes of glass, which have been left in a closed-up window overlooking the garden. All is of a piece with the careless, easy character of him who occupies it.

Mardari Apollonytch keeps a great number of servants, all of them clad according to the ancient Russian fashion—in long blue kaftans; trousers of a nondescript colour, which scarcely reach to the instep; waistcoats of a yellowish hue; and white neckcloths, tied like a rope, round their throats. These worthy people address visitors by the name of Father instead of Sir.

Mardari Stégounoff's estates are managed by a bailiff or burgomaster, chosen from amongst his vassals—a primitive sort of personage, whose long yellow beard reaches nearly to his knees. My friend's domestic economy is confided to an aged woman, whose head-dress is somewhat remarkable, consisting of a large silk handkerchief, gaily painted with coloured figures, and drawn closely round her head—a strange *coiffure*, and a strange wrinkled face beneath it! There are in his stables about thirty horses of different sorts and sizes; amongst them all, one could scarcely find a pair which would match tolerably well together. The calèche he uses when travelling is patched up by his own smiths, carpenters, and painters—a most ponderous equipage, and as outlandish as it is weighty. Monsieur Stégounoff receives his visitors with exclamations of delight, and he entertains them most cordially—too cordially, indeed—for, owing to the potent quality of Russian cookery, his guests very soon become unfit for any other occupation throughout the evening than the favourite game of *Préférence*. As for himself, he does nothing from morning till night; he has of late even given up his habit of reading his *Somnik*;<sup>\*</sup> that last and lowest mental resource of an idle man in our country.

I am sorry to say that we have in our beloved Russia only too many territorial noblemen cut out after the same pattern as my neighbour Mardari Apollonytch; and so, in order that my readers may become more thoroughly acquainted with the genus, I will now describe a visit I recently paid him.

It is summer-time. I arrive at his house at about seven o'clock in the evening: vespers are just over. He has returned home in company with the priest, a timid young man, who has been scarcely a year out of the seminary. I find this ecclesiastic seated on the angle of a chair close to the drawing-room door. Mardari Apollonytch greets me with his accustomed cordiality; for he is really a kind, warm-hearted man, who is unfeignedly glad to see his friends, and who does not attempt to conceal his satisfaction. The priest rises up and gazes at me.

'Pray, stop a moment,' cries out Monsieur Stégounoff to the young man, without letting go my hand; 'you must not go away without drinking a glass of brandy, which I have just ordered for you.'

'I never drink brandy,' replied the young ecclesiastic, colouring up to his eyes.

'Nonsense, nonsense! I know better than all that,' replied Mardari Apollonytch. 'Here, Michka! Eouchka! what are you about? Make haste, and bring some brandy to the worthy father.'

Eouchka, a tall, thin, old man, entered immediately with a large glass of brandy, placed upon a tray, whose design was alike coarse in its subject and glaring in its colours. The priest persisted in his refusal.

'Drink, father—drink without making a fuss about it. We are not used to those sort of contortions in my house,' said the gentleman, in a tone half-veiled, half-kindly to his visitor. The poor young man obeyed. 'That's right. Now, good father, I will not detain you. Farewell.'

The ecclesiastic bowed, and withdrew.

'That is a worthy fellow, I assure you,' observed Mardari Apollonytch to me, as he followed with his eye the young priest who had just left the room. 'I

<sup>\*</sup> The interpreter of dreams: one of the silliest books ever written on the subject.

like him very much, only that he is—rather young, and knows nothing of the world; but that will mend in time. And how goes the world with you, my good neighbour? It is a long time since I have seen you. What a charming evening it is! Shall we go out and enjoy it on the balcony?

The evening was, in truth, a lovely one, and I gladly acceded to the proposal of my host. We soon found ourselves seated at the tea-table, beneath the clear blue canopy of heaven. Our conversation naturally turned upon the country around us. There was not much natural beauty in the scenery, neither had it been improved by the hand of art; but where is the spot in creation which does not smile beneath the glance of the setting sun? One of the least-favoured spots in the landscape soon attracted my attention.

'Tell me,' said I, 'do those cabins which appear in yonder nook, close to the ravine, belong to you?'

'To be sure they do. And what of that?'

'Why, my good friend, I never could have supposed they were yours. How can you, who are a kind-hearted man, reconcile it to your conscience to have such miserable hovels on your estate?—so small and wretched-looking, and without a single tree or even a bush beside them! I do not see a fishpond, or so much as a pool that a duck could swim upon. I heard a fellow-sportsman say the other day that the poor creatures who dwell down there had lately lost even their old hemp-fields, which were their only resource.'

'Ah! I see what you are thinking about; it is the register. And, pray, what business have they with a register of their land? The register is here,' said Mardari Apollonytch, clapping his hand on his forehead. 'For my part,' continued he, 'I augur nothing good from this famous register. And if I did take away their hemp-fields, and refuse to dig ponds for them, it is because—In fact, those are matters which I understand best myself. I am, as you know, a plain sort of man—a man of the olden time. What was done before me, I do it now. None of your new-fangled notions for me. The landlord is landlord; the peasant is peasant—that is all my philosophy.'

To such clear and cogent arguments, it was impossible to offer any reply.

'And then,' resumed he, 'there are some very worthless fellows in yonder nook of which you speak; two families especially, whom my father never could endure. I have never forgotten it; for you may say what you please—the son of a thief is always a thief. Oh, blood is everything!'

A pause ensued in the conversation; and, during the brief silence, there fell upon my ears the sound of quick measured strokes, which seemed to issue from the neighbouring coach-house. Mardari Apollonytch was at that moment raising to his lips a saucerful of tea, and already was he dilating his nostrils—an operation without which no true Russian can thoroughly enjoy the fragrant beverage; but he paused, bent down his ear, sipped a little of the tea, and then laying down the saucer again with a look of perfect *bonhomie*, he began almost unconsciously to imitate the sounds we heard: 'Tchouki—tchouki—tchouki—tchouki!'

'What is all that about?' inquired I with astonishment.

'Oh, it is only a saucy fellow getting a flogging—Vacia, my cupbearer, you know.'

'Is it Vacia, you say?'

'Yes; the man who attended you the last time you were here—a tall rascal, with enormous whiskers, quite a forest of hair. Ah, you remember him now, I see.'

The deepest indignation could scarcely sustain itself in presence of the good-humoured, unconscious glance of Mardari Apollonytch. I abstained from all remark, and yet I suppose my silence seemed to reproach him, or else he observed some displeasure in my

countenance, for he added almost immediately: 'Well, what is the matter, young man? What is all this about? One would suppose I was a rascal, to judge by the way you are eyeing me there. You forget the old proverb: "Who loves well, whips well." That principle is not one of yesterday, my friend.' My host now returned to the enjoyment of his tea. About half an hour after this conversation, I took leave of him, and set out for home. While passing through the village, I observed at a little distance the man with the large whiskers. He was lounging along the street, cracking nuts as he went between his teeth. I stopped my calèche and called Vacia over to me. 'What is the matter, brother, that you have been chastised to-day?'

'And how happens it that you know I was chastised?' inquired Vacia.

'I know it, because your master told me so.'

'What! my master himself?'

'Yes; and why did he order you to be flogged?'

'He had a reason for it, sir—assuredly he had. In our house, nothing is done without a cause—no, no. With us, there is nothing of that sort. Our *bàrine* is one of the best and kindest in the whole government, I can tell you.'

After this there was nothing left for me to say. Master and man were both alike satisfied with their blind adherence to the slavish habits of our olden time. 'Come, let us get on,' said I to my coachman, and in another moment we were whirling away from Vacia and his venerated master.

Thought I to myself, as we were driving rapidly along: 'That is Old Russia with a vengeance!'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR WHEATSTONE has solved the problem of a method of secret correspondence, easy of application and undiscoverable. He has invented and patented an instrument—the *Cryptograph*—by means of which any two persons may intercommunicate without fear of betrayal. It is so simple, that the writer, as he sits at the table, turns the barrel with a finger of his left hand, while recording the symbols with his right. These he may send to his correspondent, who, provided with a similar instrument, makes the necessary movements, and reads off the dispatch. Or the symbols may be transmitted as a telegraphic message, in full confidence that none but the receiver to whom it is addressed will get at the interpretation. No matter that it be intercepted by any one having a similar instrument: none but the two who have agreed beforehand on the key can find out what is meant. There are two or three forms of the instrument; and one is so contrived as to interpret its own signs at pleasure. We hear that the impossibility of detection by any third or unauthorised person is clearly demonstrable. So unhappy lovers may take heart once more, assured that Mr Wheatstone's cryptograph will enable them to correspond by cipher-advertisements in the *Times* to their hearts' content, and without fear of discovery from even the most lynx-eyed of guardians. The price of the instrument will be sufficiently moderate—in advertiser's phrase—to bring it within the reach of all who may wish to use it.

An 'Abstract of an Investigation into Asphyxia,' just published and presented to the Royal Humane Society by Dr Marshall Hall, opens quite a new view of the way in which suffocation from drowning or other causes should be treated—a way, as experiments shew, likely to become invaluable in the saving of life. He states that asphyxia is not so much caused by deprivation of oxygen, as by the retention of carbonic acid in the blood; and that, as respiration is the only mode by

which this deadly acid can be eliminated, all other means of resuscitation are secondary to that which renews the act of breathing. How often does it happen that a drowned person cannot be resuscitated, owing to the failure of the means adopted for inducing respiration! The reason why, as Dr M. Hall shews, is to be found in mistaken treatment. The patient is laid on his back, in which position it is impossible that he should breathe at all, as 'the tongue falls backwards, carries with it the epiglottis, and closes the glottis or entrance into the windpipe and air-passages.' Fluids and mucus also remain lodged in the throat. The remedy is, to reverse the position—prone instead of supine—on the belly instead of on the back. 'In this position'—we quote the doctor's words—'the tongue falls forwards, draws with it the epiglottis, and leaves the glottis open. The tongue may even be drawn forwards. All fluids will flow from the fauces and mouth.' 'In order that the face may not come into contact with the ground, the patient's hands and arms are to be carried upwards, and placed under the forehead.' 'It will now be perceived that the thorax and abdomen will be pressed by a force equal to the weight of the body. This pressure will induce expiration. And, if necessary, additional pressure may be made on the posterior part of the thorax and abdomen. This will induce slight additional expiration.' 'This latter pressure may then be removed. Its removal will be followed by a slight inspiration. The weights of the body is then to be raised from the thorax and abdomen. This may be done in various ways: First, the body may be gently turned on its side by an assistant placing one hand under the shoulder, and the other under the hip of the opposite side. This will remove in *great part* the weight of the body from the thorax and abdomen, and allow all but one side of the thorax to expand. In this manner, a fair degree of inspiration is induced. And thus, without instruments of any kind, and with the hands alone, if not too late, we accomplish that respiration which is the sole effective means of the elimination of the blood-poison.' It appears that a really dead body may be made to breathe by placing it in the prone position; and that turning it on the left side, not beyond the quarter-circle, induces violent inspiration. Pronation and partial rotation are, therefore, the means to be borne in mind. To attempt to restore warmth, especially by the warm-bath, before breathing is restored, is condemned as highly prejudicial. It has been forbidden in France. Dr Hall is well known for his discoveries and researches in the phenomena of the nervous system; and he treats the present question in connection with those phenomena, and publishes the results as the first portion of an investigation of the whole subject.

The Electric Telegraph Company flashed 26,430 messages in the last six months of 1855, and have paid a dividend of 7 per cent, which looks like business. The Queen's speech—701 words—was sent to Amsterdam by Varley's apparatus, and printed, in twenty minutes and a half, the total length of wire and submarine cable being 107 leagues. The clerk was a girl of eighteen, and she transmitted nearly thirty-five words a minute—the quickest dispatch yet recorded of the instrument. Two words had to be corrected by interchange of signals, and all within the time specified. The same telegraph extends to Hamburg, Memel, Berlin, and Dantzic, and messages are printed at pleasure at any of the stations.—The French are about to make trial of Signor Tremeschini's 'telegraphic controller,' which may be either used to print, or with the needles, similarly to Varley's, as it is said to be the cheapest yet invented, and has a contrivance for indicating errors in the dispatches. Bonelli's method of signalling from one train, or between two trains, while in motion, has been tried on the Paris and St Cloud Railway, and successfully. Parties in

the respective trains talked by telegraph with each other while speeding along, or with the office. The communication is kept up by a bar laid midway between the rails.—Faraday has given his lecture at the Royal Institution, still on his favourite subject, magnetism, shewing how crystals behave between the poles of a magnet; how certain substances which point one way in the air, point exactly the reverse way when suspended in a weak solution of iron; and how the phenomena, generally, are affected by heat—a profound subject, scarcely to be popularised. Nothing but the most persevering and careful experimental research, said the lecturer, will lead to satisfactory results.—Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, has likewise lectured at the Royal Institution on that singularly interesting question—the conversion of heat into motive-power, involving the conversion of motive-power into heat. It is one of those subjects of inquiry that fascinate some philosophers, seeing that it appears to occupy ground on either side of the line, where organic and inorganic nature meet. Its investigation is fraught with important consequences.—Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, finds clearer proof than ever that the magnet is affected by weather-changes, independently of what is described as magnetic influence, and that there is a real connection between magnetism and the aurora.

A paper on 'Recent Improvements in Carpet Manufacture, their Use and Abuse,' read before the Society of Arts by Mr Whytock, shews how many important considerations are involved in the production of a 'common thing.' After a sketch of the history of carpets, the author described the processes of weaving and formation of pattern, and shewed that, while possessing all the appliances necessary for excellence, English manufacturers pursue a 'system of deterioration,' mainly through 'circumstances of evil economy,' and he protested against another form of evil—that 'occult science of thieving,' by which an enlightened manufacturer is deprived of the fruits of his ingenuity by poaching traders, who recognise no property in improvements. Herein is true art sacrificed, and worthless textures of base design are poured into the market.

The Society of Arts are about to try to be useful in a new way: by examinations of members of mechanics' institutions, the successful candidates to have a certificate of merit. Among the subjects are, mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, geography, English literature, French, German, &c.; so that mechanics and others may now, if they will, compete for honours. There are three prizes, also, of ten guineas each—one given by Mr Robert Stephenson, for mathematics and mechanics; one by Mr Dilke, for history; and the third by Mr Hooper, for French. Competent examiners are appointed; and the examinations are to commence on the 9th of June.

Here we may glance for a minute at the last Report of the Working-men's College. The number of students is stated as 233, of whom thirty-two comprehended carpenters, cabinet-makers, frame-makers, and gliders; eight, engineers and machinists; and the others, compositors, bookbinders, shoemakers, tailors, clerks, and assistants. The classes most sought after are, French, Latin, algebra, geometry, and English literature. So little demand was there for mechanics, natural philosophy, and physical geography, that they were given up. The institution would be in debt, were it not assisted by the contributions of well-wishers.

The backward state of the agricultural mind is placed in a striking light by what appears in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, concerning the difficulty of collecting agricultural statistics in England. In Ireland, the difficulty is small; while in Scotland, owing to the judicious measures of the Highland and Agricultural Society, the task is easy.



The Scottish farmers long ago recognised the importance and utility of the measures, did their best to forward them, and can always shew how they stand with relation to the great food question. Hence, we read with surprise that in Berkshire—the royal county—seventeen out of thirty-four parishes refused to make any return; and elsewhere others were similarly stupid. One farmer, in a border county of the principality, tore the schedule sent to him into four pieces, and returned it, with the endorsement: 'The idea of such questions! What next?' and signed his name, which we omit. Mr Hoskyns, the writer of the Report, traces the cause to 'a kind of indifference, joined to incredulity as to the advantage to be obtained; a latent dread of publicity, that well-known terror of every trade and "mystery" in by-gone days—the too long fostered tendency to look more to the price to be got per bushel in the market, than the number of bushels per acre in the field.' Are we never to know how much corn we grow; how many tons of potatoes, turnips, and mangel-wurzels we raise? Where is the schoolmaster?

At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Professor J. Phillips drew attention to a comparison he had made of the temperature of the sea on the eastern coast of England and round the coasts of Ireland. This inquiry has a popular interest when considered in relation with the phenomena of our climate. 'The influence,' he says, 'of the Gulf-stream and sea-currents generally on the whole Irish coast, is to raise the temperature of the sea above the average of the latitude. The sea reacting on the air, warms it universally over Ireland, and specially round the coasts. It, moreover, moderates, more remarkably than in England, the fluctuations of summer and winter temperature, the Irish summer being cooler, and the winter warmer than in England.' At the same meeting, a large quantity of very pure sodium was exhibited; also a specimen of *lithium*, the base of the alkali *lithia*, the peculiarity of which is, its being so light that it floats on the naphtha in which the light metals potassium and sodium sink; and a description was given of *glucium*, the metal of the earth of the beryl, very like aluminium in its character, but brighter.

A new process for extracting gold has been tried by the Colonial Gold Company, at their works in the east of London. They melt the quartz containing the gold in furnaces; the precious metal falls to the bottom, and is separated in a mass, and the molten rock, when cast in moulds, is said to be useful for building purposes.

A hydraulic railway has been tried near Turin. The rails are laid by the side of a swift canal in which the paddle-wheel of the locomotive rotates, and so draws the train up an incline. The inventor thinks it would answer for the passage of Mont Cenis.—The Sardinian government talk of piercing a tunnel through Mount St Bernard, to establish a connection with the railways of Switzerland; and the Greeks are actually making a railway from Athens to the Piræus!—Signor Angius, of Turin, has presented a book, *L'Automa Aërio*, to some of our scientific societies, in which he believes he has solved the problem of controlling the movement of balloons. Heated air to be the motive-power: the car of metal, aluminum to be chosen because of its strength and lightness. He looks forward confidently to the time when voyages by air will be as common as by sea. We may add that his work has the sanction of the Sardinian official Gazette.

The last report of the United States Coast Survey contains a description of Mr G. Mathiot's 'self-sustaining voltaic-battery,' which has been employed with highly satisfactory results in operations connected with the survey. The self-sustaining power consists in having 'a quantity of material in store ready for action just when required.' And this is accomplished by attaching a bar of lead to the platinised conducting

plate, the introduction of mercury, to maintain the amalgam of the zinc-plates, and certain other combinations not easy to describe within the compass of a paragraph; and the battery is placed in a box, as nearly as possible air-tight, to check evaporation. It has the merit of simplicity, and avoiding the delays and inconveniences that sometimes happen with other forms of battery. Mr Mathiot considers that he has materially aided towards the establishment of a sub-atlantic telegraph, as his battery is constructed with such regard to the principles of electro-chemistry that it will continue in action for almost any length of time. 'Supposing,' he says, 'the current to be on about seven hours per day, then one pound of zinc will supply all the electricity used in 1000 days, or say three years of business-days. From this it will appear that my idea of a battery to serve 100 years is, at least, not so extravagant as to be without some show of probability. In May last, I charged six cells, which were put in a box in the upper laboratory, to be used in the experiments on photographic engraving; and this battery has since been in almost daily use for gilding deep-sea thermometers, or other instruments, or else in the experiments. During the six months which have elapsed, it has been used probably 2000 times, its current never failing, always ready on establishing the circuit.'

A fossilised jaw has been discovered in Indiana, which Agassiz describes as of a kind heretofore unknown, of peculiar structure, belonging to an extraordinary family of sharks, allied to the sword-fish. He regards the discovery 'as of as great importance almost, in fossil ichthyology, as was that of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus in fossil erpetology.'—A new species of fossil-footmarks has been found in the Connecticut Valley, made by an animal not less extraordinary than the newly discovered shark. Professor Hitchcock calls it the *Giganbipus caudatus*—the tailed giant biped. The length of the footmark is sixteen inches, and the distance between the steps thirty-nine or forty inches; and the furrow made by the tail is distinct and unbroken.

In 1849, the United States government sent a naval astronomical expedition to Chili. The results have just been published in two quarto volumes, one of which contains an account of the country, its geography, climate, social condition, resources, &c., conveying a large amount of trustworthy information. Those who wish to speculate in the gold and other mineral deposits of Chili, may now ascertain beforehand what they have to expect. Copies of this work have been presented by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington to many of our savans and scientific societies.

There is something suggestive, as regards science and art, as well as social progress, in the published accounts of post-office revenue for 1855: England, £3,000,000; France, £1,875,000; United States, £1,464,425. And not less so in the fact, that in the state of New York alone more than a million dollars have been voted for free education for the present year, a fourth of the sum being for evening-schools—a noteworthy incident in the annals of voluntary taxation.

#### A FUGITIVE SLAVE-LAW CASE.

THE Fugitive Slave-law is producing scenes and tableaux in America which will, in a future happier age, become themes for the poet and the painter. A remarkable example occurred lately in Ohio, where a poor fugitive named Margaret Garner killed one of her own infants to prevent its return to slavery, and an abolitionist lady, Lucy Stone Blackwell, sympathised so much with her in prison, as to express a wish that she could be supplied with a knife to despatch the remainder of her family and herself. This having been adverted to somewhat

incorrectly in court by Mr Chambers, counsel for the slave-owner, Miss Blackwell came forward, after the conclusion of formal proceedings, and, from the judge's desk, spoke as follows:—

'I have been informed that Mr Chambers has spoken this morning of my having offered to the poor woman now under examination a knife. I wish to explain in the right place, where the matter has been spoken of, what I said, and the motives that led me to say what I did.

I did not ask of Deputy Marshal Brown the privilege of giving a knife. If Mr Brown were here, he would acknowledge as much. I have been out of town ever since the commencement of this examination, until yesterday, or I should have been here every day, doing what I could to shew my sympathy with my afflicted sister.

As I spoke to her of liberty, her eye beamed with the dull light of despair, the tear of anguish trickled down her cheek; her lip quivered in silent agony as I took her hand and expressed my sympathy. I thought as I looked upon her unexpressed grief, that if ever there was a time when it was a good deed to give a weapon to those who fought the battle of liberty on Bunker's Hill—if those patriots had the right to use the arms supplied to them—she who had said: "Let us go to God rather than go back to slavery," had the same right. Impelled by my feelings, I turned to Mr Brown and expressed my wish that she could have a knife to deliver herself, dreading as she did slavery to such an extent that she had taken the life of her dear child rather than return to it.

Who that knows the depth of a mother's love does not estimate the sacrifice she had made? If she had a right to deliver her child, she had a right to deliver herself. So help me Heaven! I would tear from myself my life with my teeth before I would be a slave!

I asked no privilege of the marshal—I beg my rights of none. I had a right to put a dagger in the woman's hand—the same right that those had who seized their weapons to fight about a paltry tax on tea!

I hoped to see her liberty rendered her—I hope it still. I do not know the commissioner of this court, but I doubt not he is accessible to the cry of the oppressed. He should act true to his conscience, true to right, true to Heaven, and deliver this victim from the hands of oppression.

I make no apology to this court, or to any one, for wishing to give this woman a dagger. I apologise to nobody; I exercised the same right as those who distributed weapons to the combatants on Bunker's Hill.

God gave this woman a love of liberty, and she has a soul worthy of the gift; if she prefers liberty with God to oppression with man; if she desires for her children the guardianship of angels rather than the scorn and lash of slavery, let her have them, and find in immortality a refuge from wrong and insult.

I told him who claims her—I do not say her owner, for God has made no man the owner of another—I told him that this was a historic period; that the deeds now doing would employ the pen of genius, and be handed down to future generations; that his name would be connected with the events now occurring; with execration, if he continued to enslave one capable of such deeds as this woman; but with honour, if he gave her the freedom that was her right.

As I looked into his kindly face, his mildly beaming eye, I thought he had a generous heart; and so it proved. He kindly said, when he had her back in Kentucky under his own care, he would render her liberty. I hope he will fulfil his promise.

I give all notice here, and say it in the hearing of my sisters who are present, that whenever and wherever I have an opportunity of offering opposition to the Fugitive Slave-law, and thwarting its operation, whatever may be the consequence, *I will do it!*

The newspaper reporter states, that Miss Blackwell 'was dressed in a black silk gown, had a brown merino shawl over her shoulders, a bonnet of the same material on her head, and a green veil. She spoke in an easy, assured manner, without excitement or violence, never so much as raising her voice below the low, penetrating tones peculiar to her.'

## PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty!

Mine—all mine, and for love, not duty:

Love given willingly, full and free,

Love for love's sake, as I love thee.

Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,

But Love, the master, goes in and out

Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,

Just as he please—just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,

To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;

Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,

Like a generous lady, now and awhile;

But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,

Keep holiest of holiest evermore—

The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,

The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;

With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,

Unto me and to me alone revealed,

'A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.'

Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;

Many may love thee—I'll love them too;

But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,

Must be mine—mine wholly—for ever mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given

Something all mine on this side heaven;

Something as much myself to be

As this my soul which I lift to Thee:

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,

Life of my life—us, whom Thou dost make

Two to the world, for the world's work's sake,

But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

## GERMAN SILVER.

A correspondent writes to us thus: 'I have perused, with very great satisfaction, your article on "Electro-plating at Home," and I intend shortly to act upon your suggestions, and try my hand at plating some forks, &c. Meanwhile, as I know that very many of the readers of your valuable *Journal* who daily use German-silver utensils, are neither able nor willing to plate them, I feel desirous of telling such, that by the simple process of washing their spoons, &c., at once, instead of allowing them to remain soiled and dried, they will be always bright, and clean, and sweet. It is worth while to recollect and practise this; and also to observe, that hot water fixes in stains, whilst cold or cool water, and a little soap, prevent them.' If, by accident, an article should become tarnished, to rub it, while wet, with a pinch of fine salt, will restore the colour better than any other remedy I have ever known. Finding that my silver was greatly abused by my servants, I put it away, and bought a set of German silver or Albata plate for common use; so that I speak from experience. After several years' wear, they still preserve the new look, by no other than the above management.'

## SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.

I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his pre-eminence success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. 'I find,' said he, 'that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client: if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important than I had previously lodged there.'—*Buxton.*

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